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IN PROPOSING

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The Proper Caper



EEK-END parties are now in style.

The principal ingredients to a week-end party are an anise-seed bag, a bridge outfit, a faro layout and a set of adjustable guests. Of these there will be:

1. The old friend who is always on hand at weddings and funerals.
2. The man and his wife to whom you owe a grudge.
3. The retired army officer. With him

you will be expected to provide a set of topographical maps showing the battlefields he was acquainted with.

4. An athletic girl who "goes around" in ninety-two.

5. A "bright" woman.

6. Two bachelors.

If an Englishman can also be obtained—one to give local color and tell stories of shooting big game in Africa—so much the better.

For these you will be expected to provide: Five meals a day, including whisky, wine, cigars and water—for bathing

purposes; a golf links, motor cars, billiard tables and mounts.

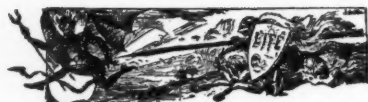
On their part, the guests will provide conversation, and tips for the servants.

A Natural Timidity

NEW ARRIVAL (*cautiously*): Can I put my valuables in the safe?

ST. PETER (*loftily*): No necessity for that up here. What are you thinking of?

"Well, I've had so much trouble with some of those impregnable institutions down in New York that I feel kind of nervous."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THERE is a vast deal of truth loose and raging in our world these days, but it seems to need sorting. It is mixed up with the queerest things, and the flow of the mixed product is enormous.

The plugs are regularly out of all the word-spouts that spout politics, or anything that bears thereon. It is less than four months now before the Republican nominating convention, and the candidates are telling how they feel about everything. Bryan goes up and down in the land confiding views to the faithful and the incredulous, contradicting what has been said and purveying matter for others to contradict, polishing up or casting away policies that have got shopworn, and spreading on the counter the fresh spring novelties that are bound to please any reasonable delegate. Really, Dr. Bryan is in great form this year! And Big Bill has been touring in the West and talking freely; and Governor Hughes has opened his heart to us from time to time; and there has been more than the usual supply of important speeches on important topics in Congress. And the good President has kept the crank of his Gatling gun turning pretty steadily; and, altogether, there has been too much in the newspapers besides what continues to be in the reformatory magazines.

It is a fine, full current, sweeping along with power. There are many things in it that ought to be fished out, but it isn't a handy time. There are folks who stand on the banks and swear, and others who stand and holler, but there is no reliable sign yet of turning it, or damming it except by expletives. Effectual reaction

there is none, either in hand or in sight. The people are still more afraid of the reactionaries than of the reformers. Secretary Taft goes about telling how in the enormous industrial development of the country, stimulated by the combination in corporate form of the country's wealth, the intense desire for gain produced a spirit of recklessness as to methods, and "we were passing into a region of an irresponsible plutocracy." Along came, during the last four years, "a great moral awakening," and "under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt the Republican party has not faltered" to put things to rights. Already by the Rate law it has "put every railroad man in the country on his good behavior," and made him yearn to obey the statutes of his country." One grins when the big Secretary speaks of the unfaltering Republican party and remembers the kind of discipline that was dealt out to falterers, and speculates as to the number of Republicans who would like to falter if they could see a chance. The Republican party, having got the bear by the tail, found it wiser to hang on. But in the main, the Secretary states things as the country sees them. For in both parties a large majority of the voters approve, by and large, of what has been done, and have no mind to take the back track toward the region of the irresponsible plutocracy.



NEITHER party would have a chance to win with a reactionary candidate, but any candidate whom the Republicans can nominate will seem comparatively conservative after Roosevelt, and so, practically, will any Democratic candidate, even Bryan, because Congress, and the people themselves, will be comparatively conservative. There is no worst-still-to-come, no more-than-ever-drastic remedies to be given the patient, but convalescence, whoever is President, with continuance of the treatment, and doubtless a strong effort to revise the tariff in such fashion as shall not bring on fits. And we shall see much sorting out of truth from the stock of novelties on hand, much trying out of policies, and rejection of some and amendment of others that do not work well. For business has got to be done, somehow; and

unless it can be done again pretty soon at a profit, nobody will be happy. No party that comes into power at the next election, or no administration, is in the least likely to be careless of the needs of legitimate business. Secretary Taft has at the present moment the best chance to be Mr. Roosevelt's successor, and it promises to be very hard to persuade any considerable body of citizens that his tenure of the Presidential office would be prejudicial to the prospects of any honest man to make an honest living. The conservatives make some show of reviling Taft because he stands for too much centralization of power, too much Federal government, too many untested, novel and hazardous Roosevelt policies. But even the conservatives are not awfully afraid of him. They know that once he became President, the policies that he would press would first be filtered through a dispassionate mind, trained in the law, practised in judicial decisions, and ripened by a very broad experience. The greatest danger that Taft as a nominee would have to face would be, not that the conservative vote would think him too dangerous, but that too large a section of the radicals would think him too safe. And yet he is Roosevelt's candidate and stands on the platform that the costly efforts of the last four years to elevate and purify business methods, and give all comers a fair deal, should go for nothing.



IT SEEMS to accord with justice, as well as with expediency, that employers should undertake the insurance of their workmen against accident. Some do it as it is. We should be glad to see the Employers' Liability plan tried by the Government, and especially in connection with the canal work. But all manufacturers and all railroads that are to be constrained by law to undertake this work may reasonably insist that the law that so constrains them shall back them up in insisting that the labor unions shall leave them sufficient power over their employees to enforce rules and discipline constituted to conserve the safety both of the employees and the public. At present the railroads seem to lack the power to compel their employees to obey rules and to be careful.



PETS FOR THE POPE FROM MENELEK.



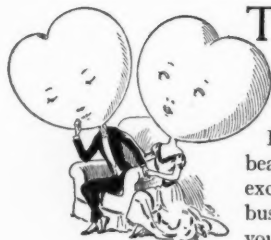
THE FILIPINO BECOMES AN M.C.



ALFONSO GOES A HUNTING.

E. RICHARDS.

Some Leap Year Advice



THE fact that this is leap year is only just beginning to dawn on a great many hitherto unencumbered young men, who need to be warned in time. Let us consider the matter defensively.

Being proposed to, without warning, by a beautiful young girl, with nothing against her except that she is a woman, is a dangerous business. Before you know it, she will have you in her arms, and, as your manly head droops on her shoulder and she clears away your ambrosial locks in order to plant a first sweet kiss, you will realize that it is too late to retreat. Before this happens one must first be quite sure that the girl is the right one. If she is, nothing more need be said, except to help her along in every way possible.



Old Beau: WILLIAMS, ARE MY EYEBROWS ON STRAIGHT AND IS MY WIG PROPERLY CRUMPED?

Valet: YES, SIR; BUT YOUR CHEST HAS SLIPPED DOWN A BIT.

This, of course, is often necessary. For it must be remembered that while waiting for the period of four years to end, any girl is likely to get out of practice. Besides, at the end of the period, she may be too old, and if she is young enough, this will naturally be her first attempt. Encourage her, therefore, by every means in your power. Place your hand within constant and easy holding distance, and if she shyly puts her arm about your waist, do not start back and act as if there was a mouse in the room. Meet her half, or, if necessary, nine-tenths of the way.

* * *

Of course, if she does not need any assistance—if she shows by her whole manner, and the businesslike way she goes at it, that she is fully able to take care of herself (and you), why, then, it is just as well to draw back a little, and be shy. If she attempts to kiss you, blush vividly, turn your head away and tell her you don't think it's proper for any respectable young man to allow a girl to kiss him unless they are engaged. And if she asks you to say yes on the spot you can then refer, in an astonished manner, to the extreme suddenness of the proposition and ask for a reprieve to think it over. When at last you have reluctantly concluded to accept her, do not show that you are completely and utterly hers all at once. Keep something back. Make her feel anxious about you. If she says to you, "Oh, my de-arling, only say that you are *all* mine, that you are withholding *nothing* of your love," you can tap her playfully on the cheek with your fountain pen and reply, "Tut, tut, Clarice, you ask too much," and change the subject to horse racing or bridge, or the weather. Naturally, you will not carry this too far—to the point of discouragement. Hand her out, at unexpected moments, a few impulsive heart-throbs, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

* * *

Before all this happens, every young man, ere he is a prisoner for life, with no chance of getting anything off even for good behavior, should consider carefully whether he is willing to place himself in a position where he is likely to be proposed to by the first girl he is alone with in a dark hall or a secluded piazza. If he makes up his mind that he doesn't want to take any chances, then he should govern his life accordingly. Avoid pleasure resorts, ocean steamers and railroads where there is liable to be an accident. To be under the necessity of rescuing a beautiful golden-haired stranger intact from a burning wreck might lead to hopeless results. Keep in public places as much as possible, and never go out at night without a chaperon. Remember that during this trying period eternal vigilance is the price of single blessedness. For no man knoweth when his hour is at hand.

The Omniscient Novelist

BY AGNES REPPLIER



SOME English critics are amusingly angry with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle because he has suddenly made up his mind to be a critic, too. In perfect good faith, and with irresistible gravity, he has been telling the public what he thinks about Scott and Dr. Johnson, about Balzac and Matthew Arnold, about Macaulay and Mr. George Meredith. The public is content to hear him, because the public never cares a rap what anybody thinks; but the men whose field he has so jauntily invaded are pointing out to him, with needless acrimony, that a critic is made, not born; and that because a novelist has written some rattling good detective stories and some nice gory fighting tales he is not privileged to pass judgment upon Mr. Arnold, whose particular province lay elsewhere. The light-hearted manner in which Sir Conan Doyle runs amuck through literature seems to irritate people who have spent their lives balancing and comparing. They object to his quoting from memory, and quoting wrong—as if that made any difference. They remind him unkindly that a sincere opinion is not necessarily a valuable one. He may be right in “skipping Sterne,” because he does not like that writer’s “finicking methods”; but why impart this unserviceable information to the world? Who, they ask, made Sherlock Holmes the

nursery governess of English letters, distributing merit cards and black marks according to his fancy. It was bad enough to have the ingenious author of “No. 5 John Street” counseling people not to read the old books which they love. It is intolerable to have Sir Conan Doyle administering “slap-dash correction” to his betters.

We in this fiction-loving land are so accustomed to hear our novelists pass judgment on matters literary, political and scientific, that the annoyance of the English critics seems a trifle over-emphasized. When an American has written a popular novel, we listen with delight to his views on socialism and the French drama, on football and the study of Greek. This habit has led us ere now into some mental confusion.

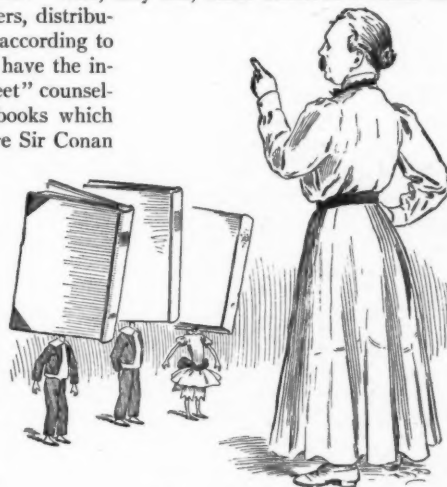
It has not been many years since a distinguished English critic said of an equally distinguished American novelist that his literary verdicts were as valuable as those of a Pawnee brave commenting on the gallery of the Louvre.

A Fatal Error

RECENTLY a lady went to Washington, D. C., to live. She hired an establishment and then proceeded to run up a lot of bills on the strength of her residence. Her creditors got after her, she was tried, convicted and sentenced to spend three months in jail.

The only trouble this lady made in the beginning was in her sex. She ought

to have been born an incipient railroad president or financier. Then, instead of having an enforced residence in quarters where the light is so wretched that it isn’t worth while to bring along one’s oil paintings, she would have had her pictures in the papers, been called a liar by the President and been duly fitted to a niche in the Hall of Fame.



As a Nursery Governess

Science and War

(Christian Science, according to report, is rapidly gaining ground among English army officers.)

THE scout into headquarters rushed
As pale as well could be.
“Our vanguard from the hills is brushed
Like twigs before the sea;
The enemy is breaking through
To cut us off behind”——
The General said briefly, “Pooh!
An error of the mind!”

An aide, dust-covered, staggered in,
“Hark, hark—their cannonade!
The bravest of our ranks begin
To totter back afraid.”
“Mere Matter,” said the Chief, “cannot
Disturb high Minds that dwell
Above imaginary shot
And non-existent shell.”

The Surgeon spoke, his aspect grave,
“So thick the fallen lie
We’ll need an extra force to save
The wounded ere they die.”
The Leader stroked his whiskers trim
In irritation slight——
“Oh, give ’em absent treatment, Jim,
And that will be all right.”

All day the birds of war fed fat
While earth with cannon shook,
All day the peerless Leader sat
And read the Eddybook;
But when, defeated fore and aft,
He saw his last resort,
The calm Commander telegraphed
To Concord for support.

But suddenly a cannon ball
Across the hillsides tore
And blotted out the General
With one terrific roar.
The agent of this deed of hell
I hesitate to name——
Some claim it was a lyddite shell,
Some claim it was a “claim.”

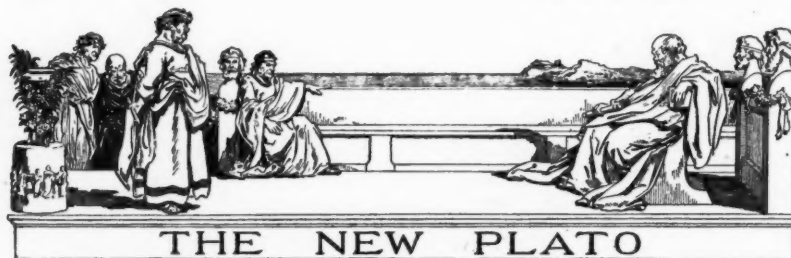
Wallace Irwin.

Honesty and Matrimony

I WAS astonished to observe that Diogenes passed by all the married men without subjecting them to any scrutiny whatever, and my perplexity must have appeared in my face, for it was not long until the famous philosopher was pleased to remark:

“Of course, there’s no possibility of him whom I seek being married. He would make a woman mad the very first time he went to see her.”

THE Spartans prided themselves on their simple life; they perished utterly.



THE NEW PLATO

On Socialism

PAUSANIAS, who had long taken an interest in the State and the rise and fall of political parties, and who was present at the Symposium where Alcibiades disgraced himself by coming in drunk, has recorded a conversation between Socrates and Alcibiades which took place during one of their campaigns. And it would seem that Alcibiades, though pleasure-loving in the extreme, was nevertheless taken up with questions of the day, and desired to learn, though afterward he proved himself too rash in politics and hastened the downfall of the State. I met Alcibiades at a banquet given in the house of Callicles, said Pausanias, and while I cannot tell all that he related to me as having passed between him and Socrates, I will relate as much as I know. Now, they were in Macedonia, reclining at ease under a plane tree, when a messenger brought tidings of a Socialistic movement in the deme of Πατερσων* and Alcibiades was for branding all those who took part in the movement and depriving them of the rights of citizenship.

I should think, Socrates, he said, that no punishment could be too severe for these wretches, who stir up the common people to sedition and make it even dangerous to ride through the streets in a motor-chariot without being degraded with hootings, and certainly they should be prevented.

Your informant, Alcibiades, replied Socrates, may have misled you as to the character of the movement, for if I mistake not he came straight from the Exchange, and it is barely possible that he might not have the truth of the matter, for those who live by finances and this modern method of juggling may not know the truth of the matter.

And yet, replied Alcibiades, you must know that the daily papers have little to say in their favor.

*Paterson.

And who are the Editors of the papers? asked Socrates, smiling.

I should say they were men of Intellect.

And do they run their papers by their Intellect alone, or is there something else? Something else.

What is that thing?

I should say it was money.

And is it their money or money of some one else?

I cannot answer that, Socrates, for, indeed, I do not know.

But would it surprise you, my friend, to learn that it was some one else's money?

That may well be.

And if some one else's money that it was the money of financiers?

I begin to see now, Socrates, what you mean.

And possibly this is why when Orators of Socialism talk no one reports their doings, so that in silence they may be organizing and changing the hearts of the people, although this is not reported because the Editors are in reality slaves.

By Jupiter! my boy, you are keen on the scent, yet we have not yet found out what Socialism is, and this seems important. Will you, therefore, ask, and I will answer, or I will ask and you answer?

As you will. Now a great many people think it a bad thing and a menace to all civilization. But I should like to know your opinion, Socrates.

I can only give you that, Alcibiades, by asking you some questions. First, then, there are multimillionaires.

So I have heard.

And I believe there are people who cannot support themselves. They—are they not?—are in the majority.

I should say they were.

And can you tell me, my dear friend, what Wealth is?

Would I be wrong in saying that it is Labor, Socrates?

That is an excellent reply; and, yet, I should rather say that it was Work. Labor means working with one's hands

under control, whereas Work means all effort, mental or physical. And Wealth really represents effort in all its branches, mental and physical. A day laborer may earn one dollar a day. An artist, painting a thousand-dollar picture, earns what one thousand men earn in one day, or one hundred men working ten days. Now, Alcibiades, when a man has millions, what does he really control?

Work, of course.

Or what other name is there?

Why, I suppose you might say Men.

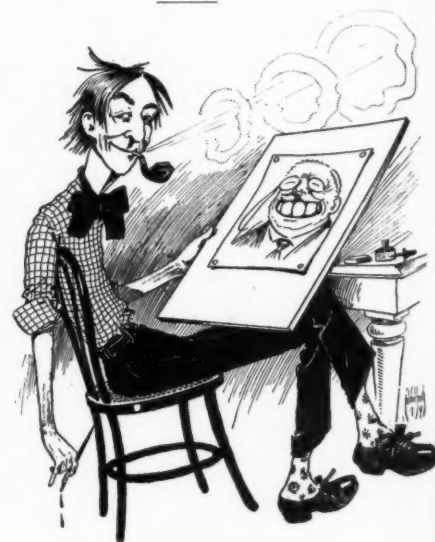
Yes—Men. Therefore, each multimillionaire really controls a vast army, and though his purposes and aims are concealed, he directs his army and makes it do as he pleases.

I see that quite plainly, Socrates, and now, let me ask you a question. Just how can he direct his army?

Surely, Alcibiades, you are entitled to know. He uses his army in many indirect and fortuitous ways to control the State, to administer injustice, to keep the people down, to advance the price of land and other necessities, besides controlling the papers. In the old days, Alcibiades, the man who owned an army was forced to maintain it. But in these days the owner of an army makes it pay its own dividends. That is why it grows so constantly.

But what, O Socrates, has all this to do with Socialism?

Only this, Alcibiades, that all the



"TEETH DRAWN WITHOUT PAIN"



18th Century

19th Century

20th Century

THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMAN

armies owned by multimillionaires are beginning to do something.

And what, pray, is that something?

They are beginning to think.

And is this Socialism?

I should say you were right, Alcibiades.

Examples in Political Arithmetic

IF IT takes three regiments of United States infantry to keep open the mines in Nevada, how many regiments will it take to keep the mines in West Virginia from exploding?

If the length of the bread line is twice the length of a line of depositors unable to get their money, what are the relative pugilistic merits of two prominent Democratic Congressmen?

If Socialism means dividing up with one class, and Capitalism means dividing up with another class, how long will it take a bank to pay out four million dollars with thirty cents, provided no help comes from the Government?

If the number of causes of the panic equal the number of the inhabitants of the nation, not including college professors and editors, who do not yet know that anything has happened, to say nothing of the reason, on what can a man live the longest, confidence, gold or peanuts?

If fifty killed in a railroad accident is

a one-day's wonder, and one thousand killed in a mine explosion is a two days' wonder, and the murder of an ex-Governor of a Western State is a three days' wonder, and the suicide of a bank president is a four days' wonder, and the murder of one man in a New York café is a three years' wonder, and five million men out of jobs is not worth mentioning, what proportion of the average newspaper should be devoted to the approaching Republican convention?

Ellis O. Jones.

PHILIP, aged two and a half, was being put to bed and his mother was giving him a little bedtime talk.

"God is always near you," she said.

"He is always watching over you and is close beside you, dear."

"Is He right here now?" asked Philip.

"Right beside me now, mother?"

"Yes, dear—right here beside you, though you can't see Him."

Philip turned solemnly.

"Hello, God," he said.

Vital

"WELL, well, I wonder what this country's coming to?"

"That isn't the question. The question is, How long is it going to stay there?"

Hirsutian

UNDER the Hughes administration we may expect the following quotations:

Whiskers opened up steady this morning on rumors of a new Barbers' Trust. Sideboards showed great strength and Galways led the market. Some of the specialties were wind whistlers from Chicago and goatees from France. Dundrearies were soft and sloppy and continued to decline all day.

"THEY say wages are going to be reduced all along the line."

"That's too bad. Pretty soon our plumbers' helpers won't be making any more than a regular army officer."



"SAKES ALIVE! THIS MUST BE BROADWAY!"

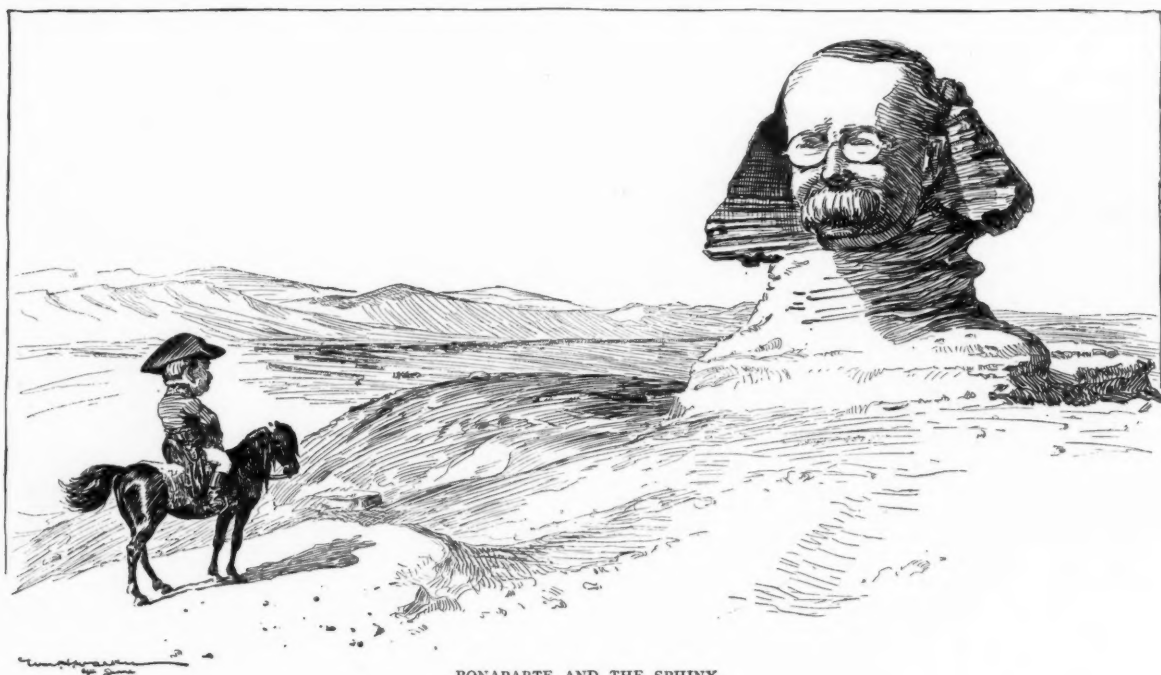


SHUN IMITATIONS. INSIST ON HAVING

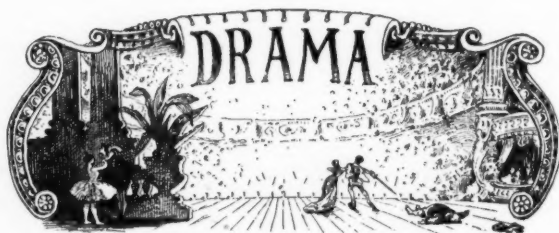
LIFE.



INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE



BONAPARTE AND THE SPHINX



A Black Eye for Sophocles

DRAMA GREEK ponies have lately been almost as much in demand among Metropolitan critics as they were in the jolly college days, tra la, when we were expected to dig out the complex meanings of Sophocles with lexicon and grammar, meanwhile wondering what it all had to do with preparing us to encounter the strenuities of modern American life. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's "Electra" has been the cause of this critical delving into the drama of the past. It wasn't necessary, except for scholarly appearances, because the present "Electra" is rather remote from that of Sophocles, having been first done into German and reconstructed for modern stage purposes by Herr Hugo von Hofmannstahl, and from that done into English verse by Mr. Arthur Symons. The result is not Sophocles, but it is something infinitely better adapted to present-day uses than any exact reproduction of the original. Miscellaneous audiences of the present day might even laugh at the reiterations and wailings of the formal Greek chorus and the adapters have, for one thing, almost obliterated that feature and given its remaining functions to a gathering of women servants. Between them the authors have contrived to put the lines into speakable

and understandable talk. The inverted construction of sentences, which seems a necessity in anything like an exact translation from classic Greek, has been almost entirely avoided and Mr. Symons's English is both dignified and pleasing to the ear.

In our frivolous day a Greek tragedy, no matter how molded and polished, cannot be expected to arouse great popular enthusiasm. Early Greek domesticity could develop family complications with tragic results which make "Macbeth" and "Richard III" cheerful by comparison. Apparently they reveled in gloom in those days, and the use of ax and knife to remove human obstacles was the only thing to relieve the monotony of continuous misery.

* * *

INTO this environment of general depression Mrs. Patrick Campbell seems to plunge with especial zest and energy. As a female *Hamlet*, with the burden of a more than Hamletian congenital crime on her shoulders, she shows a greater self-elimination than has been noted in any of her previous performances. For a little while, as *Electra*, the wonderful weight of woe provided by tradition and Sophocles makes her cease to be the picturesque Mrs. Pat and become a really suffering woman. To this extent it may be recorded as her most unique and moving portrayal. Also she seemed to revel in the passionate cruelty of the character. Her reiterations of the word "blood," with a strong and lingering accent on the "d," sounded like the sensuous joy of a gourmet with a mouth full of a savory viand. In her support the performance of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as *Clytemnestra* was the only notable one. She seemed to grasp the cruelty and coarseness of the tainted queen and gave her the strident declamation that might well go with such a character.

As a dramatic and scholarly curiosity this performance of "Electra" was interesting. As a theatrical entertainment for modern audiences it is not likely to meet with great favor or large patronage.

THAT tottering old institution called marriage receives some pretty telling blows at the hands of Mr. David Graham Phillips in his play called "The Worth of a Woman." Mr. Phillips has taken a feather from the wing of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and proceeds to use a play to demonstrate a theory. Consequently, as with Mr. Shaw, the theory, not the play, is the thing.

LIFE, being intended for general circulation, which includes the domestic fireside, cannot go into detailed discussion of Mr. Phillips's theme and its dramatic elucidation. The "young person" will doubtless see the play in sufficient numbers, owing to the general lack of parental vigilance, to make it a subject of wide discussion. It concerns itself with the aforesaid "young person" and her right to be judged in the same circumstances by the same standards that are applied to her brother of the same age. In the rapid evolution of woman from the condition of slave or puppet to that of free human being with the right and, possibly, the intelligence to make her own laws and guide her own destiny, this is a question which, of course, will not down, men and priests to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the sense of telling a story through incident and the study of emotions, "The Worth of a Woman" is not a strong play. In its efforts to be a play, the problem, in its logical setting forth, falls between two stools. We have through the first three acts an exceptional young woman taking an exceptional view of the situations which confront her and putting forward her arguments and belief with masculine logicity. This is probably because they are the man author's own views and beliefs. Then in the last act we have all this overthrown and the heroine negating all she had professed before and bringing about the customary happy last curtain.

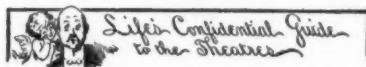
Katherine Grey is the over-intellectual and inconsistent heroine. Despite the incongruities of the character, by the earnest-

ness she threw into its interpretation she made it plausible. Put forth with less sincerity of belief, with less absolute conviction of manner, such sentiments from a young girl would have been shocking.

Parents who bring up their children on the blind kitten theory, trusting to chance in the matter of opening their eyes, will, of course, not permit their young persons to see "The Worth of a Woman." LIFE would advise parents of the other kind to see the piece before they decide.

AN INTELLIGENT, but not an impressive *Shylock*, is the latest one to be shown to the New York public. His impersonator is Mr. Henry Ludlowe, whose name is apparently a new one on the theatrical roster. Mr. Ludlowe has a good physique, a dignified bearing and a voice quite sufficient in power and range, although not at all musical in quality. He was not at all pretentious and was wise enough to keep his acting within reasonable bounds, essaying no great flights and keeping well away from amateurism and any possibilities of ridicule.

Mr. Ludlowe's *Shylock* is probably the last one that will ever be seen in New York. It is understood that the Theatrical Managers' Association will not hereafter permit "The Merchant of Venice" to be performed at any New York theatre on account of the racial prejudice it displays. *Metcalf.*



Academy of Music—Last week of "The Great Divide," with Edith Wynne Matthison and Mr. Henry Miller. Mr. Moody's interesting American problem play, well presented.

Astor—"Paid in Full." Notice later.

Belasco—"The Warrens of Virginia." Interesting and most agreeably staged war drama, with excellent cast headed by Mr. Frank Keenan and Charlotte Walker.

Bijou—Mr. Henry Ludlowe in Shakespearean repertory. See above.

Casino—Mr. Sam Bernard in "Nearly a Hero." Notice later.

Criterion—"Miss Hook of Holland." Dainty and laughable English musical farce.

Daly's—Last week of Olga Nethersole in repertory. Miss Nethersole's acting has not improved



KATHERINE GREY IN "THE WORTH OF A WOMAN"

Empire—Last week of Maude Adams in "The Jesters." Pleasantly acted French light comedy in verse.

Garden—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in repertory. See opposite.

Hackett—Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour." Telepathy in interesting and convincing dramatic exposition.

Herald Square—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Mr. Lew Fields and large company in amusing musical farce.

Hippodrome—"The Battle of Port Arthur" and ballet, "The Four Seasons." Impressive and amusing.

Lincoln Square—"The Mormon Wife."

Lyric—Last week of Mr. F. A. Sothorn in "Lord Dundreary." Laughable to the highest degree.

Madison Square—Katherine Grey in "The Worth of a Woman," by Mr. David Graham Phillips. See opposite.

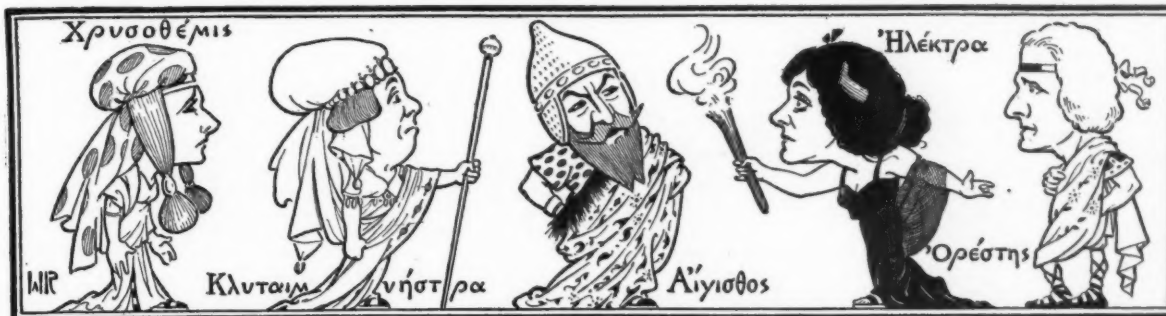
Majestic—Williams and Walker in "Bandanna Land." Fun, music and dancing by colored comedians.

Manhattan Opera House—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

Stuyvesant—Mr. David Warfield in his laughing-crying "The Music Master." Saturday evening, "A Grand Army Man."

Weber's Music Hall—Burlesque of "The Merry Widow." Tuneful music and considerable fun.

West End—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S ANGLO-GRECO-TEUTONIC "ELECTRA"

An Earnest Worker

DR. W. BYRON COAKLEY, of 72 Riverside Drive, has been conducting some experiments upon dogs, cats, rabbits and guinea-pigs. According to a communication in *The Medical Record*, this enterprising gentleman declares that "it is comparatively easy to locate the lobes of the liver in these animals. I made cultures," he says, "from one hundred and twenty-seven live animals." His method was to insert a long needle through the abdominal wall, "with the animal rolled slightly to the right." Of course, it didn't hurt. No experiment by your vivisector ever does.

One begins to wonder where so many animals, even in this populous city, can be obtained for purposes of vivisection.

But Dr. Coakley is too generous to keep the secret to himself.

"I wish," he says, "to thank Dr. H. K. Miller, proprietor of the New York Canine Infirmary, for the vast amount of material placed at my disposal during these investigations."

This will be interesting news to those who have pets treated at the Canine Infirmary. If they are "not at home" when you call during the visitors' hours, they may be doing good work in the interests of medical science at Dr. Coakley's modern establishment.

The LATEST BOOKS

ONE may, if one chooses, be very abstruse and analytical in regard to the title of Mr. William de Morgan's new novel, *Somehow Good*, and infer that he has here indicated in condensed, elided and quintessential phrase the final residuum of his qualitative philosophy of life. Or one may ascribe it to the dictum of the Major, when he finds out the facts just before he dies and just after we are half way through the book that, after all, good has come out of evil. Or, and this is the way we like to take it ourselves, we may accept it as the author's way of voicing the conviction (largely brought about by him and therefore quite fittingly voiced by him) that, in spite of contravening all the modern ethics of composition, spurning all the rules of grammar, making faces at syntax, being brazenly natural and sentimental and conversational and many other forbidden things—in spite of all this, the old-fashioned novel, revitalized and brought up to date is, somehow, good. This one is the best fiction published since *Alice for Short* and is better than that was.



"WHAT ARE YOU SITTING ON JOHNNIE'S FACE FOR, TOMMY?"
"HE'S A HORSE."



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP"——

Samuel Hopkins Adams, who collaborated with Stewart Edward White in the production of a shudder-story called *The Mystery*, has set up practice on his own account with a book called *The Flying Death*. This is a story of a—but that would be a breach of confidence. *The Mystery* recalled those galvanic machines with brass handles and a registering dial; it gave you the horrors to hang on, and you couldn't let go. *The Flying Death* is less so, but shuddery for all that.

A dozen of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's early stories have been—one can not conscientiously say rescued and one hesitates to say dragged—from a quiet obscurity and published in a volume called *Laid up in Lavender*. They show us a young rooster, soon to be prize chanticleer of exuberant romance, trying, very disjointedly, to say cock-a-doodle-doo.

A timely and in more ways than one a welcome addition to the series of Literary Lives edited by W. R. Nicoll, is the biographical sketch of *Henrik Ibsen* written by Edmund Gosse. It makes, happily, no attempt to be either exhaustive or oracular. It appears at a moment when Ibsen, having outlasted his enemies, is struggling with his fool-friends. It is written by one of the earliest English admirers of Ibsen's work and one of the few Englishmen who knew Ibsen personally. It is very simple, very sane and very interesting.

Owen Wister's *Seven Ages of Washington* is a polished and (with reservations) a successful attempt to thaw out the Father of his Country—to recover from the frozen historical hero the presence and personality of the man. Mr. Wister's *bona fides* is apparent. His technic is admirable. One acquiesces in his psychology and acclaims his skill. Yet there results at the last an articulated, not an articulate, Washington. One takes away impressions, but they affect the mind, not the imagination.

Mr. Arthur Ransome's *Bohemia in London* is one of the occasional pleasant books of travel dealing with that elusive and essentially subjective country, a country to find which is an adventure but to write about which is usually a *reductio ad absurdum*. It would seem that the qualifications for the task are that the writer should have been a bohemian without knowing it, and have ceased to be one without having forgotten the experience. Mr. Ransome fulfills these conditions and his book glows accordingly.

J. B. Kerfoot.

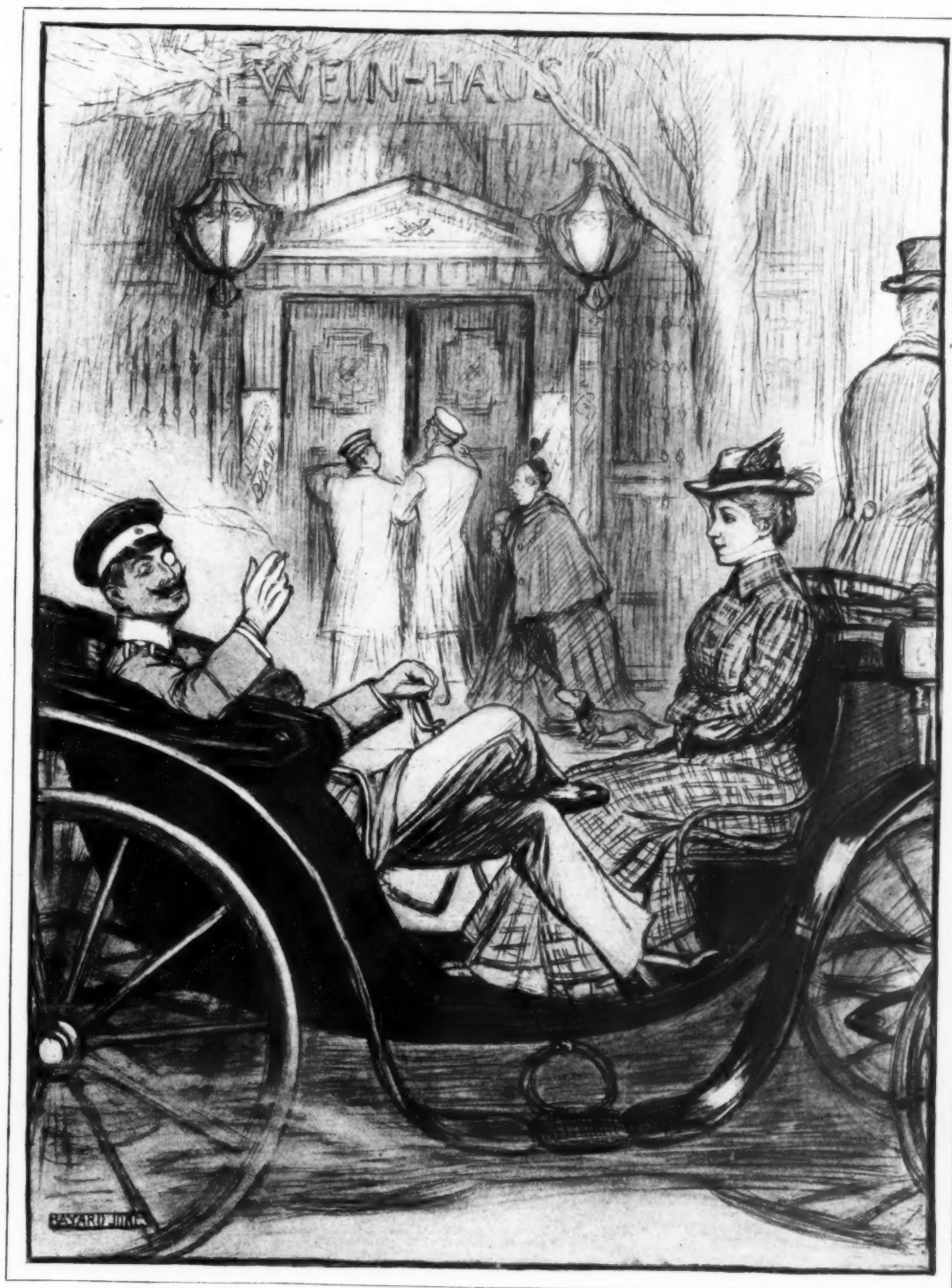
Somehow Good, by William de Morgan. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)
The Flying Death, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. (The McClure Company. \$1.50.)

Laid up in Lavender, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

Henrik Ibsen, by Edmund Gosse. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)
The Seven Ages of Washington, by Owen Wister. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Bohemia in London, by Arthur Ransome. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.)

A GOOD character is a luxury for the millionaire, a necessity for his chauffeur.



HUSBANDS
NO. III—GERMAN



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

THE HIGHER CRITICISM

CRITIC: Now that your play is to be actually produced, you can surely give me some idea as to the plot and general action.

PLAYWRIGHT: It's still too indefinite. You see, the call boy and the man at the stage door haven't told me yet what they want done to it!—*Modern Society.*

WHY NOT?

The verse you write
You say is written;
All rules despite,
But not despitted.
The gas you light
Is never litten.

The things you drank
Were doubtless drunk;
The boy you spank
Is never spunk.
A friend you thank
But never thunk.

Suppose you speak,
Then you have spoken;
But if you sneak
You have not snoken.
The shoes that squeak
Have never squeken.

A dog will bite,
Likewise has bitten
With all his might,
But not his mitten.
You fly your kite,
But not your kitten.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

"I BROKE a record to-day. Had the last word with a woman."
"Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?"
"Why, I said to a woman in the car, 'Madam, have my seat.'"
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



ILLUSTRATED EXPRESSION
"DOWN IN THE MOUTH"

"HAVE ye anny ancisthors, Kelly?"
"An' phwat's ancisthors?"
"Why, people you shprung from."
"Shprung from, begorra! The Kellys shprung from nobody.
They shprung at thim!"—*The Outlook.*

EDDIE FOY'S HAMLET

(*Hamlet's* soliloquy, as Eddie Foy Fitzgerald might give it.)
"To be or not to be? Hully gee! That's the question;
Whether 'tis noble, bo, not to set up a tall scream
When you're stung; or put up a scrap against a sea of troubles.
To croak, to pound the feather; or jump in
At the sound of the gong and go to it, kiddo,
And forget your troubles, see?
A guy is sure up against it in this world;
And if you jump off the dock, where do you come in?
A lot of boobs put up with it because they don't
Know where they get off. It's a hard luck story, bo,
For most of us; so many things put on the cheese;
Our best friends pan us, a skirt will throw us down;
Bulls in harness pinch us, what's the use?"

—*New York Sun.*

COLONEL PLUMMER, of New York, who hates the sight of an automobile, bought, the other day, a handsome brown mare to match Barbary Belle. A day or two later he asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival. John replied:

"She's certainly a fine lookin' 'oss, sir, but I'm afraid her temper's a bit too touchy."

"What makes you think so?" asked the colonel.

"She don't appear to take kindly to nobody, sir; she don't like me to go into the box to feed her."

"Oh, she'll settle down in a day or two. The surroundings are strange, you know. I do not think there is anything wrong with her temper."

"I didn't at first, sir," said John, "but you see she kicked me out o' the box twice, and when you comes to think about it—that's sort o' convincin'."—*Pittsburg Press.*

A MIND READER

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse:

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound."

Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically:

"What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say!"—*Current Literature.*

IF THE hospital ship is to be commanded by a doctor, why should not a coal dealer be appointed for the colliers?—*New York American.*

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their best, blended in a perfect
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crown is branded Schlitz.*

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

THE BROKER'S VALENTINE

I send you herewith, by a messenger small,
Who's dressed in the scantiest style,
A large batch of stock—you may have it on call,
In case you should think it worth while.
It's issued by me as a share in my heart,
And though listed at par, my advice
Is to buy it dirt cheap, as you may at the start—
I know we won't split on the price.

You ask if I ever have offered before
The stock that I'm offering you here?
Ahem! well the truth is I'm offering you more
Than I've offered for many a year.
In fact, you may have what is known on the street
As "a controlling interest." How strange,
You insist on the price for the issue complete?—
Just a share in your heart, in exchange.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

To break in new shoes, always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, then patent leather can't crack.

A TRAGEDY

A hotel proprietor in Kansas City once told of an amusing incident connected with the stay at his house of a rural politician of Missouri.

The politician had come to the hotel for but one day, and he had taken his dinner elsewhere with a friend. When, on coming to pay his bill, he found himself charged with a day's board, dinner and all, he protested vigorously. It was explained to him that the American plan was based strictly on time, and that if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout. The man, however, refused to be pacified, and paid the bill under protest. Then, to every one's surprise, he asked if dinner were "still on." Upon being informed that it lasted until nine in the evening, he exclaimed:

"I've eaten one dinner, but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house, if I suffer all the torments of dyspepsia."

He then rushed into one of the dining-rooms, seized a bill of fare, and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally reached his limit, the waiter handed him a check for \$8.35.

"What's that for?" he demanded.

"Your dinner, sir."

"But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," protested the unfortunate man. "I am staying here on the American plan."

"Then you should have gone into the other dining-room," said the waiter. "This is the European-plan café."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

ECONOMY IN EXCESS

James J. Hill, the railway magnate, was talking in Kansas City about railway economy:

"Economy is excellent," he said, "but even economy must not be carried to excess. Railways must not be managed as a certain New York necktie manufacturer manages his business. A drummer in this man's employ showed me the other day a letter from the firm. It ran thus:

"We have received your letter with expense account. What we want is orders. We have big families to make expenses for us. We find in your expense account fifty cents for billiards. Please don't buy any more billiards. Also we see two dollars and twenty-five cents for horse and buggy. Where is the horse, and what did you do with the buggy? The rest of your expense account is nothing but bed. Why is it you don't ride more in the night time?"

"John says you should stop in Boston, where his cousin George Moore lives. John says you should sell Moore a good bill. Give good prices—he is John's cousin. Sell him mostly for cash. Also John says you can leave Boston at 11.45 in the night, and get to Concord at 4.35 in the morning. Do this—and you won't need any bed. And remember, what we want is orders."—*Washington Star*.

INASMUCH as grafting is declared to be no crime in California, many a man in Sing Sing will regret that he did not go West when a boy.—*New York Commercial*.

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The Literary Zoo

The Divinity That Doth Hedge a King

SPEAKING of Mr. Otho Cushing's collection of drawings which first appeared in LIFE and are now published in book form under the title, "The Teddyssey," the Galveston News says:

Though not so coarse as many cartoons and exceedingly clever and amusing, it would seem that the dignity of the office and the respect of the American people for that office and themselves would not tolerate such a sense of humor and satire as is exhibited in this book. When one looks at this book the question arises, Is there absolutely nothing in this country important or sacred enough to be taken seriously? Some of us storm, or pretend to, when an indignity is offered our flag. The flag is only a piece of bunting which stands for this Nation, yet any old body can poke ridicule at the real head of the Nation. Rats!

This is unfair to Mr. Cushing's drawings, which our readers will remember as respectful and rather laudatory.

Despots and tyrants, naturally, did not care to have either their personalities or their offices commented on too freely. They not only insisted on being exempt from criticism, but they had an emphatic way of enforcing the exemption. Even today one William Hohenzollern has a habit of locking up German persons who take his name in vain.

The Presidency was made by the people for the people, and so long as free speech and a free press survive in America no comment on it, serious or flippant, can be made *lèse majesté*. The office is largely what its holder makes it. The people of the United States have made several mistakes in the persons they chose to hold the office, and whatever fun they may have with the unfortunate gentleman who allowed himself to accept a position for which he was not qualified, reflects quite as much on their own bad judgment as it does on the office or the man.

Mr. Roosevelt has surrounded the office with a good deal of royal or imperial pomp in the way of official uniforms and Presidential yachts detailed for social occasions.

Nevertheless, it strikes us that our Texas contemporary is slightly mistaken when it assumes that the Presidency or the President has yet been lifted up above the field of legitimate satire and caricature.

And, by the way, could any one suggest intentional fun and satire, funnier than the description, often used by the provincial press, of the wife of any President as "the first lady of the land?"

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE has become almost a necessity to me.—Mrs. H. E. Sadler, Sedan, Kansas.



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